



We would like to express our deepest gratitude to everyone in our neighbourhood who have contributed to make the *arpilleras* experience come true.

THANKS!

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FUNDACIÓ ATENEU SANT ROC
www.fundacioateneusantroc.org

Sant Roc, a diverse neighbourhood

in the outskirts of Barcelona



14th April to 16th June
Verbal Arts Centre
Northern Ireland

verbal arts centre

These **arpilleras** are the outcome of the communitarian experience: **Arpilleras, Women Sewing Stories**, which took place in the neighbourhood of Fundació Sant Roc, Badalona (outskirts of Barcelona).

This technique has enabled a communicational bridge amongst women of different ages, origins and cultural backgrounds from Fundació Ateneu Sant Roc and the Sant Roc parish. These **arpilleras** are the stories of memories, dreams and personal experiences. They capture the personal view of the world these women live in.



La Plaza Roja / Red Square
Antonia Amador and Roser Hernández
We would like our neighbourhood to be known as a clean neighbourhood, where neighbours coexist and enjoy community life together.



Vendiendo rosas en Sant Jordi / Selling Roses in Sant Jordi
Trini Amaya
I enjoy very much Sant Jordi Day. I love to sell roses because this is the only day of the year when I have a steady job.



Las manos de Henna / Henna Hands
Sara Andaluci
This is the henna tattoo that we, Moroccan women, elaborate for weddings, the feast of the lamb and other celebrations.



El verano en Wadlau / Summer in Wadlau
Karima Ennasser
Wadlau, near Tetuan is my mother's village. The entire family used to go there on holidays: we played, we swam at the beach and we walked along the river.



La boda gitana / A Gipsy Wedding Day
Suli Fernández and Antonia Flores
On our wedding day, an old gipsy lady takes our virginity with a handkerchief. When the bride goes out to the street, people throw peladillas (sugared almonds), sing to you and show the handkerchief honouring your family.



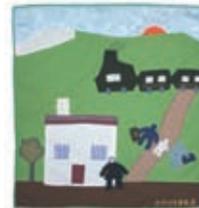
Aprendemos unas de otras / We Learn from Each Other
Aurora Flores
When I was a child, I could not read or write because I had to help to raise my brothers and sisters. For the last two years I have been learning to read with Moroccan and gipsy women and we learn from each other.



La Mujer Árbol / The Tree Woman
Manoli García
Women move the world. Women are the backbone of the family. My children are the branches, always available, even in the worst moments. My life is full thanks to my activities, my children and my grandchildren.



Vuelan las cometas / Flying Kites
Shagutfa jabeen
In Pakistan we celebrate in March the arrival of the spring and the sun. Parents and children fly kites. We climb to the terrace, we dance and eat.



De Granada a Barcelona / From Granada to Barcelona
Encarna Ortega
In 1962 my husband dreamt of a better life in Barcelona. We travelled 26 hours in a crowded train with my newborn children. Even now, when I think of my homeland, the memories of my country still move me.



La paella para mis nietos / The Paella for my Grandchildren
Angustias Salguero
I always go to the countryside in summer with all my family and we cook paella and a roast with bacon and sausages. My children, my sons-in-law, my daughters-in-law and my 10 grandchildren; they all come.



La Fira d'Artesania / The Craft Fair
María José Vera
At the time of neighbourhood celebrations; associations prepare stalls with their work. You can find everything: baking, crochet, crafts, etc. Many people attend, and all buy, sell and we have fun.



Cosiendo nuestros vestidos / Sewing Our Dresses
Zaib u nisa and Ansar Iqbal
The typical party dress that women of Pakistan wear: a t-shirt, trousers and a nice coloured scarf. Comfortable, loose and large clothes.